GREEN ARROW:
YEAR ONE

Part 1 of 6

by

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Fourth Draft

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PAGE 1

Hey Jock! Good to be working with you again, mate. I'm sure that after six issues of talking heads you'll ready to start blowing some shit up, but this is going to be a fairly slow-burn first issue.

As we discussed, I'd like us to use a consistent image system throughout this series based on the use of color. Specifically, GREEN equals LIFE, and WHITE equals DEATH - both literally and metaphorically.

As we begin, Oliver Queen is morally and spiritually "dead inside" - but after he gets marooned on the lush green jungle island, he will begin to "come alive." As the GREEN ARROW, he will become a life-affirming force for good, while the drug trafficker CHINA WHITE is a life-stealing force of evil. It's all about the color, baby...

This opening sequence should be dominated by bland, desaturated color in an ocean of WHITE. We start with a series of FULL-WIDTH PANELS, slowly pulling back in a smooth, continuous reverse-zoom:

1) A blank, featureless WHITE space...

2) Pull back to reveal the tip of a GREEN ARROW tilting into the panel, floating on the blank white space...

3) Pull back to reveal that the green arrow is actually the luminous tip of a COMPASS NEEDLE in massive close-up. The big capital N sits a skewed angle near the top of the panel, with degree-lines radiating around the outer edge of the compass face...

4) Pull back to reveal the compass is held in a thickly-gloved hand. The needle has moved around the face, never settling. The compass is held by a MAN (HACKETT) bundled up in heavy Arctic gear, his back to us, his features hidden by the hood of his massive parka.

HACKETT

NEEDLE DOESN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO POINT. WE'RE ALMOST ON TOP OF IT - MAGNETIC NORTH.

(link)

UNFORTUNATELY...

5) Pull back to reveal that ANOTHER MAN (OLIVER QUEEN) stands next to him on panel right. Both men dressed in heavy Arctic gear, peppered gray-white with snow. Pale, desaturated colors. They both have their backs to us, the compass visible in Hackett's hand as we pull back between them. We're still too close in on the two of them to get any real sense of our location - nothing is visible around them except blank white space. The composition is cramped, claustrophobic...

HACKETT
... I THINK THIS IS ABOUT AS CLOSE
AS WE'RE GONNA GET.

OLLIE
I DIDN'T TREK THREE DAYS ACROSS THE
ICE JUST TO TURN BACK NOW, HACKETT!
(link)
YOU JUST NEED TO VIEW EVERY
OBSTACLE...

PAGE 2

FULL-PAGE SPLASH! Now we pull way, WAY back, high and wide, to reveal Hackett and Ollie as two tiny figures dwarfed by the blank immensity of the Arctic wasteland - and slashing across the featureless white desert right in front of them is a 30-foot wide CREVASSE! A yawning, bottomless gulf, stretching as fast as the eye can see in either direction, too long to walk around and too wide to jump across. This is the end of the road... except there's a narrow ice bridge across the middle of the crevasse, barely thick enough to walk on. The flat, featureless white desert stretches to the horizon in every direction, utterly devoid of color or features of any kind, beneath a dull gray sky. Hackett has been hauling a lightweight sled with their camping equipment. Twin rows of footprints lead up to them, tracking across the featureless snow...

OLLIE
... AS A CHALLENGE.

TITLE AND CREDITS
GREEN ARROW: YEAR ONE (CHAPTER 1)

NOTE TO LETTERER: Please try to keep the title and credits as unobtrusive as possible, so as not to detract too much from the "blank whiteness" of this image. The main title could be white on white, with just a thin gray outline to pick it out against the snow.

PAGE 3

1) Low angle, view from down in the crevasse looking up at the ice bridge as Ollie strides fearlessly out onto it, linked to Hackett by a red safety line. Hackett stands back on the solid ice, gesturing to Ollie to stop --

OLLIE
COME ON! LAST ONE ACROSS BUYS THE DRINKS!

HACKETT
WAIT, YOU'VE GOTTA BE--
(link)
<u>OLLIE, NO!</u> THE ICE ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO--

2) The ice-bridge suddenly CRACKS beneath Ollie's boots --

F.X.
KRAKKKK

3) Hackett GRABS Ollie by the shoulders and YANKS him back to safety, even as the ice bridge COLLAPSES down into the chasm in front of them --

4) High angle, looking down on the two men as they lie flat on their backs, staring up at the sky, panting with exhaustion. Split this panel into two if you like.

HACKETT
YOU STUPID, RECKLESS, IRRESPONSIBLE--

OLLIE
... <u>RICH EMPLOYER</u> WHO KEEPS YOU IN THE LIFESTYLE TO WHICH YOU WOULD LIKE TO BECOME ACCUSTOMED?

PAGE 4

1) Hackett sits up in the snow and pulls off his goggles, his snow-crusted face-scarf already pulled down around his neck. There's a Union Jack name-patch saying "HACKETT" sewn onto his parka, over his heart. He's a tough-looking British ex-soldier, his hair shaved back to a stubble to hide his receding hairline. He's rugged and professional, but easygoing, enjoys a good laugh, smiles easily - although right now he's pissed off. Picture JASON STATHAM.

HACKETT
ALRIGHT, OLLIE, SO YOU PAY ME TO TAKE YOU TO EXTREMES - BUT YOU ALSO PAY ME TO KEEP YOU <u>ALIVE</u>.
(link)
I MEAN, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? LIFE MIGHT NOT MEAN MUCH TO YOU, BUT IT DOES TO ME!

2) Hackett scowls down at the COMPASS held in his hand. Wistful, as if the compass somehow symbolizes all his life's regrets...

HACKETT
IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS YOU'VE PULLED BARREL ROLLS IN A STEALTH FIGHTER, BASE-JUMPED THE GRAND CANYON, DIVED THE TITANIC AND BAGGED MORE SUPERMODELS THAN HELMUT NEWTON.
(link)
YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH YOUR LIFE - BUT INSTEAD YOU'RE JUST SPINNING AROUND, LOOKING FOR A DIRECTION...

3) Close on Hackett's gloved hand as he gently jabs a finger into Ollie's chest. There's an American flag name-patch saying "QUEEN" sewn over the heart of Ollie's parka. Ollie is pulling back his hood, but his face and eyes are still hidden by his goggles and scarf.

HACKETT
(off-panel above)
THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING IN YOU, OLLIE. AND UNTIL YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS, NOTHING --
(link)
THE BOOZE, THE WOMEN, ALL OF THIS POINTLESS ADRENALINE-JUNKIE CRAP...
(link)
-- NONE OF IT'S NEVER GOING TO BE ENOUGH TO FILL THE HOLE.

4) EXTREME CLOSE on Oliver Queen as he pushes his snow goggles up onto his forehead, his brilliant GREEN eyes making direct eye-contact with the reader for the first time. In fact, these striking green eyes are the only green we've seen since the compass needle on page 1. Ollie is in his early 20s and doesn't yet have the trademark goatee beard - although he is sporting a three day stubble. He's a spoilt, thrill-seeking rich kid, looking for something to fill the pointless emptiness of his extravagant playboy lifestyle. He GRINS mischievously.

OLLIE
WOW, THAT'S TOTALLY ZEN. "WHEREVER YOU GO, THERE YOU ARE..."
(link)
THEY TEACH YOU THAT STUFF IN THE ROYAL MARINES?

PAGE 5

Another page of full-width panels, pulling back and away.

1) Hackett grins right back at us, his anger passed now.

HACKETT
NAH. MOSTLY THEY TRIED TO TEACH ME TO TAKE ORDERS. DIDN'T WORK OUT.
(link)
THAT'S ALRIGHT. THIS PAYS BETTER.

2) Pull back wider. Ollie slumps down onto his ass in the snow beside Hackett, rubbing a snowy hand through his own hair, tousling it like a carefree child. Friends again.

OLLIE
PLUS, Y'KNOW. SUPERMODELS.

HACKETT
THERE'S THAT.
(link)
SO NOW WHAT? IT'S A THREE-DAY TREK BACK TO THE ICEBREAKER...

3) Pull back wider. Ollie offers Hackett a metal hip-flask, the hinged lid unscrewed and hanging open...

OLLIE
HELL WITH THAT.
(link)
I'VE HAD MY NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE FOR THIS WEEK. I'M CALLING IN THE CHOPPER.

HACKETT
LIGHTWEIGHT. I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE KEEPING IT REAL... ?

4) Pull back wider, leaving the two of them dwarfed by the immensity of the snow desert. Most of the panel is a featureless white blank...

OLLIE
REAL'S JUST FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO FAKE IT.

5) Fade to white.

PAGE 6

1) Full-width, low angle establishing shot of a swanky five-star hotel in Star City. A huge banner hangs above the plush entrance awning, reading: **"CHARITY FUNDRAISER - STAR CITY DRUG REHAB CENTER"**. Well-dressed VIPs stroll up the red carpet, welcomed by ushers. Tuxedos and ball-gowns. It's NIGHT.

2) Establish the interior - a swanky ballroom. The beautiful people are chatting, mingling, hob-nobbing, networking. Among them, OLIVER QUEEN and HACKETT, both wearing tuxedoes. It's a black-tie event, although Ollie's tie is WHITE and hangs open at the neck...

OLLIE
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS PROPOSAL, HACKETT. BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS MYSTERY WOMAN OF YOURS.
(link)
WHAT'S HER NAME AGAIN? "CHINA WHITE"...?

HACKETT
(italics, not bold)
CHIEN NA-WEI.

3) Move in closer on Hackett, leaning in towards Ollie, trying to be discreet.

OLLIE
'S WHAT I SAID.
(link)
YOU USED TO WORK PRIVATE SECURITY FOR HER BACK IN THE DAY?

HACKETT
SAME AS FOR YOU. THAT WAS JUST AFTER I... <u>PARTED COMPANY</u> WITH THE SPECIAL BOAT SERVICE.
(link)
SHE'S INTO SHIPPING, PROPERTY, FINANCE, YOU NAME IT. AND THIS LUXURY RESORT SHE'S BUILDING IN FIJI IS OFFERING A FORTY PER-CENT RETURN ON INVESTMENT, TAX-FREE.

4) Two-shot. Ollie is only half-listening as he cranes his neck to watch a babe in a slinky red dress sashay past. Hackett leans close to speak as discreetly as he can in a crowded room.

OLLIE
SOUNDS KINDA... ILLEGAL.

HACKETT
THAT A PROBLEM?

5) Close on Ollie, flashing us his most shit-eating grin, waving an empty martini glass to make his point. He’s EXTREMELY DRUNK and completely carefree...

OLLIE
NOPE!
(link)
IT JUST ADDS A LITTLE *FRISSON* OF DANGER TO THE WHOLE ENTERPRISE, DON’T YOU THINK?

PAGE 7

1) Hackett frowns disapprovingly as Ollie reaches, rather too eagerly, for a fresh martini from the tray of a passing waiter...

HACKETT
WHAT DOES "*FRISSON*" MEAN?

OLLIE
I THINK IT'S FRENCH FOR "*FISH*".
(link)
"*BEWARE THE FISH OF DANGER!*"
(link)
I NEED ANOTHER DRINK!

2) Hackett gently pries the martini from Ollie's hand like a disapproving parent. But Ollie barely notices - he's suddenly distracted by something he sees off-panel. He points, his face lit up like an excitable toddler --

HACKETT
... LIKE A HOLE IN THE HEAD.
(link)
COME ON, OLLIE, I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH--

OLLIE
LOOK, THE HOWARD HILL BOW! ENOUGH WITH THE BUSINESSY TALK, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR!
(link)
(sotto)
THAT AND, Y'KNOW, TO GET LAID...

3) BIG! The charity auction COMPERE addresses the crowd from a low podium. Projected onto the wall behind him is the original poster for the classic Erroll Flynn movie "THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD".

COMPERE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING.
(link)
THE FIRST ITEM IN OUR CHARITY AUCTION TONIGHT HAS KINDLY BEEN DONATED BY THE ESTATE OF LEGENDARY ARCHER AND BOW-HUNTER, HOWARD HILL.

4) Hackett and Ollie watch. Hackett frowns; Ollie is wide-eyed and eager as a child.

HACKETT
HOWARD WHO?

OLLIE
HOWARD HILL! DID ALL THE TRICK ARROW SHOTS FOR ERROL FLYNN.
(link)
WHAT, YOU NEVER SAW *THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD*... ?

5) Hackett shrugs. Ollie winces and slaps his forehead - as if Hackett's words have caused him actual physical pain.

HACKETT
I SAW THE KEVIN COSTNER VERSION.

OLLIE
GAH! PHILISTINE!

PAGE 8

Jock, be warned - there's *lots* of dialogue on this page!

1) Close on Ollie, smiling, gazing off into infinity, lost in a hazy-eyed reverie...

OLLIE
MAN, THAT OLD MOVIE TOTALLY RE-WIRED MY BRAIN WHEN I WAS A KID. I WANTED TO BE ROBIN HOOD SO BAD.
(link)
HE WAS LIKE THE ULTIMATE OUTLAW, Y'KNOW? ROBBING THE RICH, STICKING IT TO THE MAN WITH A WINK AND A SMILE!
(link)
PLUS, HE ALWAYS GOT THE GIRL. MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TIGHTS...

2) Close on Hackett, scowling --

HACKETT
YOU ARE THE RICH, OLLIE.
(link)
AND WASN'T THERE SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHING ABOUT GIVING IT TO THE POOR AS WELL... ?

3) The Compere delivers his prepared speech to the crowd, reading discreetly from his notes.

COMPERE
THE LEGEND OF ROBIN HOOD IS A TIMELESS TALE OF ADVENTURE, ROMANCE, AND REBELLION - BUT ALSO OF CHARITY.
(link)
ROBIN HOOD WAS A HERO IN THE TRUEST SENSE - A MAN WILLING TO RISK EVERYTHING FOR THOSE WHO HAD NOTHING.
(link)
AND LET'S REMEMBER, THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALL HERE TONIGHT.

4) Closer on the Compere. He makes eye contact with the reader. His words embody the theme of our story, so let's give this some weight.

COMPERE

SURELY IT'S THAT COMPASSION, THAT CAPACITY FOR SELFLESSNESS, THAT DEFINES US AS HUMAN BEINGS.

(link)

WITHOUT COMPASSION FOR OUR FELLOW MAN, THERE IS ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

(link)

WITHOUT COMPASSION, WE ARE EACH OF US <u>DEAD</u> INSIDE.

(link)

NOW WITH THAT IN MIND, I'D LIKE TO ENCOURAGE YOU ALL TO BID GENEROUSLY ON BEHALF OF THE STAR CITY DRUG REHABILITATION CENTER - <u>TRUE</u> HEROES OF OUR GREAT CITY!

PAGE 9

1) Angle over past the Compere to take in the attentive crowd. Next to him, an usher holds open a wooden display case to reveal a splendid wooden BOW nestled inside...

COMPERE
HAND-CRAFTED FROM ENGLISH YEW, FRESHLY RENOVATED WITH A TRADITIONAL CATGUT BOWSTRING AND HAND-STITCHED CALFSKIN GRIP, THIS FINE LONGBOW COMES COMPLETE WITH A CUSTOM-MADE PRESENTATION CASE AND TWO DOZEN OLYMPIC-GRADE, STEEL-TIPPED ARROWS.
(link)
I'LL OPEN THE BIDDING AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS. DO I HEAR ONE THOUSAND...?

2) View of the crowd, all heads turning to look at Ollie as he stands on a chair at rear, waving his hand in the air and yelling. Positively uncouth. Hackett winces, embarrassed --

OLLIE
ONE <u>HUNDRED</u> THOUSAND DOLLARS!

3) Compere is taken aback, gesturing to Ollie (off panel) with an open hand --

COMPERE
GOOD GRACIOUS! *UH*, THAT'S ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. DO I HEAR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AND ONE... ?
(link)
ANY MORE BIDS? NO... ?
(link)
<u>SOLD!</u> TO MISTER OLIVER QUEEN FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! WOULD YOU CARE TO STEP UP AND SAY A FEW WORDS... ?

4) Ollie has mounted the stage and now leans close to the microphone, grinning hugely, steaming drunk...

OLLIE
THANKS! *UH*, HELLO, EVERYBODY!
(link)
IT'S, *UH*, IT'S A GOOD JOB I'M HERE.

JUDGING BY ALL THE SNORTING I HEARD
IN THE MEN'S ROOM, THERE'S A FEW
PEOPLE HERE WHO COULD USE THAT
REHAB MONEY!
(link)
THANK GOD IT'S TAX DEDUCTIBLE,
EH... ?

5) Full width panel, Ollie's POV. Dozens of HORRIFIED faces stare up at us in stunned silence, mouths agape, appalled. They can't believe what they just heard...

PAGE 10

1) Ollie takes the microphone from the stand, warming to the spotlight. He thinks he's being roguish and charming, but he's actually just being a drunken dickhead - and everyone knows it but him...

OLLIE
AW, *WHAAAT*? IT'S A JOKE!
(link)
COME ON, GET REAL! IF ANY OF US REALLY GAVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT THE POOR LITTLE DRUGGIES, WE'D BE DOWN IN THE GHETTO HANDING OUT CLEAN NEEDLES RIGHT NOW INSTEAD OF SWANNING AROUND HERE IN OUR THOUSAND-DOLLAR MONKEY SUITS!
(link)
HELL, AT LEAST I'M HONEST ABOUT IT!

2) Closer on Ollie as he steps forward with the mike in hand, grinning, drunk and obnoxious...

OLLIE
ALRIGHT, SO MAYBE I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BEING A HERO LIKE MISTER ROBIN HOOD HERE --
(link)
-- BUT I AM HEROICALLY DRUNK!

3) Ollie TRIPS SPECTACULARLY OFF THE PODIUM --

OLLIE
WHOOP - !

4) -- and CRASHES into a drinks trolley! Everyone backs away, appalled...

F.X.
SKASSHHHH

5) Ollie sits on his ass in a puddle of alcohol, wet and bedraggled, looking very sorry for himself. The bow and arrows lie scattered around him. A metal ice-bucket lies on its side beside him, the spilled cubes melting into the red carpet...

OLLIE
(wobbly)
MAYBE...
(link)

MAYBE THAT LAST MARTINI WASN'T...
WASN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA AFTER ALL...

6) Same angle, closer. Ollie leans over and THROWS UP into the ice bucket. The crowd winces, averting their eyes, sickened --

OLLIE
(wobbly)
HOORP!

PAGE 11

1) Full-width establishing shot of the U-shaped driveway in front of the hotel entrance. Hackett stands there, holding open the rear passenger door of a WHITE LIMO. He's holding the wooden bow-case with his free hand. Ollie staggers towards him from foreground panel right, his crumpled suit jacket held in one hand, dragging on the ground...

HACKETT
SMOOTH, OLLIE.
(link)
VERY SMOOTH.

2) Ollie slumps into the passenger seat, hiding his face under his hand in drunken self-pity, mortally embarrassed...

OLLIE
OH MY GOD, TELL ME THAT DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN.
(link)
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE MY NAME... MY FACE... FAKE MY OWN DEATH OR SOMETHING.

3) Two-shot. Hackett gets into the driver's seat. Ollie behind.

HACKETT
YOU JUST NEED SOME BLACK COFFEE.

OLLIE
YOU KNOW WHAT I NEED? I NEED TO GET ON A BOAT AND SAIL FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE...
(link)
IN FACT, I THINK I MIGHT JUST JOIN YOU ON THE FIJI TRIP.

4) View looking back through the windshield. Hackett looks up at the rear-view mirror to see Ollie behind him. Hackett suddenly looks genuinely concerned --

HACKETT
ON THE YACHT... ?
(link)
UH, ACTUALLY, BOSS, I THINK THAT'S A REALLY BAD IDEA.

PAGE 12

1) Close on Ollie. Eye contact.

OLLIE
I'M SERIOUS. I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE AROUND HERE, I'M A LAUGHING STOCK.
(link)
A FEW WEEKS AT SEA IS JUST WHAT I NEED TO GET MY HEAD STRAIGHT.

2) Ollie's POV. Hackett turns around in his seat and peers back at us between the seats. He's deadly serious.

HACKETT
OLLIE, LISTEN TO ME - YOU'RE DRUNK, YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE.
(link)
YOU'RE INVESTING FOURTEEN MILLION DOLLARS OF UNDECLARED INCOME IN AN OFFSHORE DEVELOPMENT.
(link)
THAT'S CALLED TAX FRAUD, OLLIE - THE KIND OF THING THEY PUT YOU IN JAIL FOR!

3) Two-shot.

HACKETT
TRUST ME. THIS IS WHAT I DO.
(link)
YOU SHOULD SIT THIS ONE OUT. YOU CAN FLY OUT AND MEET ME ONCE THE DEAL'S ALL DONE AND DUSTED.

OLLIE
WHAT, WERE YOU PLANNING ON BRINGING A LADY FRIEND WITH YOU? WORRIED I'LL CRAMP YOUR STYLE?
(link)
JUST REMEMBER I'M STILL THE ONE WHO SIGNS THE CHECKS AROUND HERE, HACKETT...

4) Two shot. Ollie in back is sullen, grouchy. Hackett simmers in the foreground, intense, staring straight ahead at us. He's furious, but bottling it up. It's taking every ounce of will-power not to explode. His hands squeeze the steering wheel, knuckles white...

OLLIE
I'VE MADE MY DECISION.
(link)
NOW DRIVE ME HOME.

5) Big, wide exterior shot. The white limo drives away...

HACKETT
(from car)
... YES, SIR.

PAGE 13

1) BIG, high and wide, full-bleed establishing shot of the Pacific Ocean beneath a brilliant, cloudless blue sky. Tiny in the panel, a WHITE luxury motor-yacht moves across the blue expanse of water, leaving a thin white wake behind it. We're too far away to make out any detail on the boat yet. Leave plenty of dead space for captions.

NOTE TO LETTERER: The only captions in this series are Oliver Queen's internal monologue, and we'll only see them when he's alone. Please give all captions a GREEN drop-shadow.

CAPTION
I'M NOT USED TO BEING ALONE. BUT IN A WAY, I ALWAYS HAVE BEEN.

CAPTION
MY WHOLE LIFE I'VE SURROUNDED MYSELF WITH SYCOPHANTS AND YES-MEN WHO'LL TELL ME WHATEVER I WANT TO HEAR...

CAPTION
... BUT NONE OF IT'S REAL. IT NEVER WAS.

2) View from the water-level, some distance behind the yacht. A GREEN buoy with a small green flag bobs in the water in the close foreground with an arrow sticking out of it. Another arrow SPLASHES into the water close to the buoy in the foreground, throwing up a little plume of white foam. A trail of white wake leads away from us to the stern of the yacht - the name PACIFIC QUEEN painted there - which is receding from us in the background. The yacht has two stern decks - a wide lower deck, and a narrower one above it. Although we're probably too far away to see who it is yet, OLIVER QUEEN stands on the upper deck with Howard Compere's bow in his hands, using the buoy for target practice...

CAPTION
HACKETT'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'S EVER BEEN STRAIGHT WITH ME. WHAT HE SAID TO ME BACK ON THE ICE - HE WAS RIGHT.

CAPTION
THERE IS SOMETHING MISSING. AND WHATEVER IT IS...

3) Ollie stands on the rear deck in medium close-up, gazing out to sea towards us. Thoughtful, wistful, contemplative. His hair blows in the sea breeze as he nocks another arrow.

A few days’ stubble on his chin. He’s wearing a white vest, sand-colored three-quarter length combats, and brown leather sandals. Comfortable, loose cotton clothes for lounging around on a yacht. And we can tell form his physique that he works out. He’s as lean and toned as Brad Pitt in FIGHT CLUB. While Ollie stands in the clear sunlight, a DARK FIGURE stands in the shadows beneath the lounge roof in the background. Although we don’t really need to establish it firmly, the dark figure is holding a heavy black duffel bag at his side...

CAPTION
... IT’S NOT SOMETHING I CAN <u>BUY</u>.

OLLIE
LOOKS LIKE I’M STILL A LITTLE,
UH...
(link)
... <u>GREEN</u>.

4) Move in on the dark figure lurking in the shadows, who we now see is HACKETT. Black suit, white shirt, no tie. He looks sullen. He’s been bottling something up. We’ll soon find out what.

HACKETT
THIS WHAT QUALIFIES AS GETTING YOUR
HEAD STRAIGHT, THEN?
(link)
PLAYING COWBOYS AND INDIANS?

PAGE 14

1) BIG, impressive "hero shot" of Ollie standing tall with his bow aimed, the bowstring pulled back taut, ready to let fly. And in this image we can perhaps see a foreshadow of the hero he will eventually become. He's no longer the little boy lost, nor the drunken playboy, but a grown man, sure of himself. There's a sure calmness, a physical self-confidence in him that we haven't seen before. With a bow in his hand, somehow it just feels right...

OLLIE
DID I TELL YOU MY PARENTS ACTUALLY KNEW HOWARD HILL? HE GAVE ME LESSONS WHEN I WAS A KID. SAID I WAS A NATURAL BOWMAN - THE BEST HE'D EVER SEEN.
(link)
OF COURSE, I SQUANDERED THE TALENT - LIKE I'VE SQUANDERED EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE.

2) Inset. Same angle, zoomed in extreme close on Ollie's piercingly clear green eye, squinting down the length of the arrow as he aims...

OLLIE
BUT IF I CAN BE GOOD AT EVEN <u>JUST ONE THING</u>...
(link)
... MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR ME YET.

3) Close on Hackett, simmering, sinister. Eye contact.

HACKETT
TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW.
(link)
PITY. THIS WASN'T HOW IT WAS S'POSED TO GO.

4) Close on Ollie, lowering the bow with the arrow still nocked as he turns to us, frowning, quizzical...

OLLIE
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, HACKETT... ?

PAGE 15

1) The heavy duffel bag THUDS onto the deck between them. The zip is open, revealing the bag to be packed with ornate BEARER BOND CERTIFICATES (refs!). Each reads:

UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT
BEARER BOND
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

F.X.
WHUD

2) Extreme close on Hackett, sinister, his eyes glinting tiny points of light in the shadows --

HACKETT
FOURTEEN MILLION DOLLARS, OLLIE.
FOURTEEN MILLION.
(link)
YOU'D NEVER HAVE MISSED IT. I'D NEVER HAVE TO TAKE ANOTHER ORDER, EVER AGAIN.
(link)
AND THEN YOU HAD TO GO AND SCREW IT UP BY GETTING ON THE BOAT.

3) Extreme close on Ollie's eyes widening as the awful realization dawns on him...

OLLIE
SON OF A...

4) Ollie snarls, AIMS the bow and arrow at us, fierce, ready to let fly --

OLLIE
YOU SET THIS WHOLE THING UP! THE TAX SCAM, THE BEARER BONDS, ALL OF IT --
(link)
THERE IS NO RESORT DEVELOPMENT IN FIJI, IS THERE?
(link)
WHAT ABOUT CHINA WHITE - DOES SHE EVEN EXIST... ?

5) Full-width panel. Pull back to show he's aiming at Hackett, who still just stands there on panel left, unafraid. Hackett is a man who has been threatened by professionals.

HACKETT

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, OLLIE? SHOOT ME WITH A BOW AND ARROW?

(link)

WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. THERE'S NOTHING FOR FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN ANY DIRECTION...

(link)

... AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PILOT A BOAT.

OLLIE

I'M A FAST LEARNER.

(link)

JUST KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.

PAGE 16

1) BIG portrait of Hackett as he steps forward into the light - implacable, unafraid, leaden. Dead-eyed. Leave room for a BIG speech!

HACKETT
LOOK AT YOURSELF. YOU'RE NOT ROBIN HOOD, YOU'RE PETER PAN. YOU'RE THE BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP - BECAUSE YOU NEVER HAD TO.
(link)
YOU DON'T VALUE ANYTHING, BECAUSE YOU NEVER HAD TO EARN IT.
(link)
YOU DON'T THINK THE RULES APPLY TO YOU, BECAUSE YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO BUY YOUR WAY OUT OF TROUBLE.
(link)
AND YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANYONE BUT YOURSELF - BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL THE SAME SPOILED, SELFISH LITTLE BRAT YOU WERE WHEN YOUR PARENTS DIED...
(link)
... BECAUSE THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYONE THERE TO SAY NO.

2) Same angle, closer on his eyes.

HACKETT
OLIVER QUEEN, THE CHAMPAGNE ANARCHIST.
(link)
YOU MAKE ME SICK.

3) Ollie suddenly SNAPS, throwing the bow aside and CHARGING at us, fists ready! This should be an explosive panel - perhaps with jagged panel borders and/or expressionistic speed-lines to suggest a sudden burst of explosive movement --

OLLIE
YOU THINK I OWE YOU SOMETHING? YOU WANT A PIECE OF WHAT'S MINE - ?
(link)
THEN LET'S SEE YOU TRY AND EARN IT RIGHT NOW, YOU TWO-FACED PIECE OF--

4) And now suddenly Ollie is brought to a dead stop by HACKETT'S GUN AIMED POINT BLANK AT HIS FACE! All the fight drops straight out of Ollie.

The gun is a Sig Sauer P228 - a squat, black, snub-nosed automatic pistol used by the Royal Marines - and it's maybe six inches from Ollie's nose. In marked contrast to the previous, this panel is rigidly defined within straight rectangular borders, Ollie and the gun perfectly centered in the panel, symmetrical and orderly. No movement here.

HACKETT

TEMPER.

PAGE 17

1) And now we pull back slightly and angle around behind Hackett to take in the two of them, frozen in this tableau. Staring each other down, Hackett aiming the gun straight-armed into Ollie's face. We need to be able to see Ollie's eyes here. And again, we see a hint of the potential hero within him, as he bravely stares death in the face, unflinching...

OLLIE
YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO WORK UP THE NERVE TO KILL ME EVER SINCE WE LEFT SAN DIEGO, HAVEN'T YOU?
(link)
WELL, THIS ISN'T THE FALKLANDS, HACKETT, AND I'M NOT SOME HAPLESS ARGENTINIAN CONSCRIPT.
(link)
I'M YOUR <u>FRIEND</u>.

2) Ollie's POV. The gun aims RIGHT AT US, massively foreshortened. Hackett aiming along the top sight, cold and calm. In fact, he almost looks sad, wistful. He doesn't like having to kill his friend, but he doesn't feel he has a choice any more...

HACKETT
... YEAH.
(link)
TURN AROUND.

3) Extreme close on Ollie's green eye, piercing us with the clarity of his gaze. Oliver Queen is unafraid.

OLLIE
NO.
(link)
YOU WANT THE MONEY, FINE. YOU GO AHEAD AND PULL THE TRIGGER. BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK ME IN THE EYE WHILE YOU DO IT...
(link)
... AND I DON'T THINK YOU'RE THAT COLD.

4) Ollie's POV of the gun in his face. Hackett SNEERS, thumbing back the pistol's hammer --

HACKETT
YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD.
(link)
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT.

PAGE 18

1) AND NOW THE ACTION BEGINS! Ollie suddenly SLAPS the gun aside with the back of his left hand, ducking his head aside as he does so - and the gun FIRES wild, the muzzle flash blinding him, the bullet missing his head by inches --

2) BIG! Snarling, Ollie PUNCHES Hackett hard across the jaw with his right, the momentum of the blow carrying his fist into the foreground towards us. A thin trail of blood spits from Hackett's mouth. Ollie throws a punch like an old-school action hero, throwing his weight right from the shoulder. None of this namby-pamby kung-fu shit for our guy, no sir...

F.X.

WHUD

3) Small inset. Low angle, looking up from the LOWER deck as Hackett's GUN BOUNCES off the upper deck railing above, spinning down towards us --

4) Hackett SPINS fluidly and plants a perfect, Thai-style straight-leg KICK straight into Ollie's face! Hackett is clearly a highly trained martial artist. Ollie's head snaps back viciously as he FLIES BACKWARDS OVER THE UPPER DECK RAIL --

F.X.

THOKK

PAGE 19

1) -- and Ollie SLAMS down onto the LOWER deck like a ton of bricks!

OLLIE
(wobbly)
UUUUHF - !

2) Ollie's POV. HACKETT LEAPS DOWN AT US, his silhouette suspended in mid-air in a timeless moment as he vaults over the upper deck rail with one hand, his legs tucked under him --

3) Small inset. Extreme close on Ollie's eye, suddenly WIDENING in horror as he sees what's coming --

4) Ollie ROLLS ASIDE just in the nick of time as Hackett's boot heel SMASHES down into the deck right where his head was, SPLINTERING the polished wood --

F.X.
SHRAKK

PAGE 20

1) Ollie desperately LUNGES at Hackett, grabbing him around the waist, and they sprawl sideways together. This is not a martial arts contest - it's an ugly, messy brawl. Two desperate men rolling on the floor, struggling to kill each other with their bare hands by any means necessary --

OLLIE
<u>YAAAAAHH</u> - !

2) Close on the two of them. Hackett is pinned on his back, Ollie sprawled on top of him as they try to strangle each other, their arms interlocked like tree roots. Equally matched, both of them desperate, feral, straining with exertion, their bloody teeth gritted...

HACKETT
GET--
(link)
OFF ME - !

3) Close! Hackett viciously HEADBUTTS Ollie - !

F.X.
BOK

4) Hackett staggers to his feet, supporting himself with one hand on the floor or the deck rail...

HACKETT
... JESUS.

5) Small inset. Hackett's hand picks up the gun from the deck.

PAGE 21

1) BIG. Low angle upshot. Hackett stands looming over the unconscious Ollie, the gun hanging at his side, his mouth bleeding, shirt torn. With his other hand, he holds a small, high-tech SATELLITE PHONE to his ear. Ollie lies sprawled in the extreme foreground, clearly out cold, blood trickling from his split lip and eyebrow to pool on the deck beside him...

HACKETT
IT'S DONE.

PHONE JAG
(no tail)
HE IS DEAD?

HACKETT
... YEAH.

2) Closer on Hackett, the sat-phone to his ear. If we can see the phone's brand logo, it's QUEEN INDUSTRIES. Leave space for back-and-forth dialogue.

PHONE JAG
(no tail)
YOU ARE CERTAIN?

HACKETT
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
(link)
WHERE'S THE PLANE?

PHONE JAG
(no tail)
ON ITS WAY. HAVE THE MONEY READY.
(link)
AND MAKE SURE YOU PUT TWO BULLETS IN HIS BRAIN BEFORE YOU DISPOSE OF THE BODY.

3) Close on Hackett with the phone to his ear, his eyes drilling right into us, half-lidded, deadened by what he's just done. No turning back now...

PHONE JAG
(no tail)
OLIVER QUEEN IS YOUR MESS, HACKETT.
(link)
CLEAN IT UP.

4) Low angle upshot. Hackett looks down at the phone in his hand with distaste as he presses the button with his thumb. The gun hangs at his side.

F.X.

BDEEP

HACKETT

BITCH.

PAGE 22

1) Over-the-shoulder shot, looking down along the length of Hackett's arm as he aims the handgun down at Ollie's head...

HACKETT
SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT ON THE BOAT, OLLIE.

2) Inset. Extreme close-up on the muzzle of the gun...

3) Inset. Extreme close on Hackett's finger tightening on the trigger...

4) But he can't do it. Hackett lowers his gun-hand to hang at his side, turning his head away and closing his eyes - he can't bear to look at Ollie, the embodiment of his own failure...

HACKETT
(small text)
... DAMN IT.

5) Profile shot. Hackett hauls the unconscious Ollie up by his lapels, sitting him on the deck rail in front of him. Ollie's head lolls back...

HACKETT
LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL, MATE.
(link)
I'M NOT THAT COLD...

6) View from sea-level. Hackett PUSHES the unconscious Ollie back over the side - !

HACKETT
... BUT THE SEA IS.

PAGE 23

This final page is another sequence of FULL-WIDTH PANELS - but instead of slowly pulling back like on page 1, this time we're slowly ZOOMING IN...

1) Move in closer. Ollie SPLASHES into the water, throwing up WHITE foam. The white yacht recedes behind him, the name PACIFIC QUEEN visible on the stern...

2) Move in closer on Ollie as he floats FACE-UP in the choppy water, unconscious. The yacht recedes...

3) Move in closer on Ollie. The yacht has disappeared from view...

4) Move in closer on the WHITE crest of a wave as it washes over Ollie...

5) FADE TO WHITE.

END CAPTION
TO BE CONTINUED!